DC
BATMAN
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ONE SHOT
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BATMAN
80-PAGE GIANT

JOKER "REALITY CHECK"
Writer: Peter Miriani
Artist: Szymon Kudranski
Colors: John Kalisz
Letters: Dave Sharpe

RIDDLER "MAY I HAVE THIS DANCER?"
Writer: Paul Tobin
Artist: Ryan Kelly
Colors: Trish Mulvihill
Letters: Swands

CALENDAR MAN "EVERY DAY COUNTS"
Writer: Matthew Manning
Penciller: Garry Brown
Inker: Livesay
Colors: Chris Beckett
Letters: Pat Brosseau

KILLER CROC "THE CROCODILE HUNTER"
Writer: Mandy McMurray
Artist: Matt Southworth
Letters: Swands

SCARECROW "THRESHOLD"
Writer/Artist: John Stanisci
Colors: Richard and Tanya Horie
Letters: Pat Brosseau

BATMAN "TWO-FACE"
Writer: Sean Ryan
Artist: Joe Suitor
Letters: Travis Lanham

HUMPTY DUMPTY "WITHIN THE WALLS OF DIS"
Writer: Brad Desnoyer
Penciller: Lee Ferguson
Inker: Marc Deering
Colors: Jose Villarrubia
Letters: Dave Sharpe

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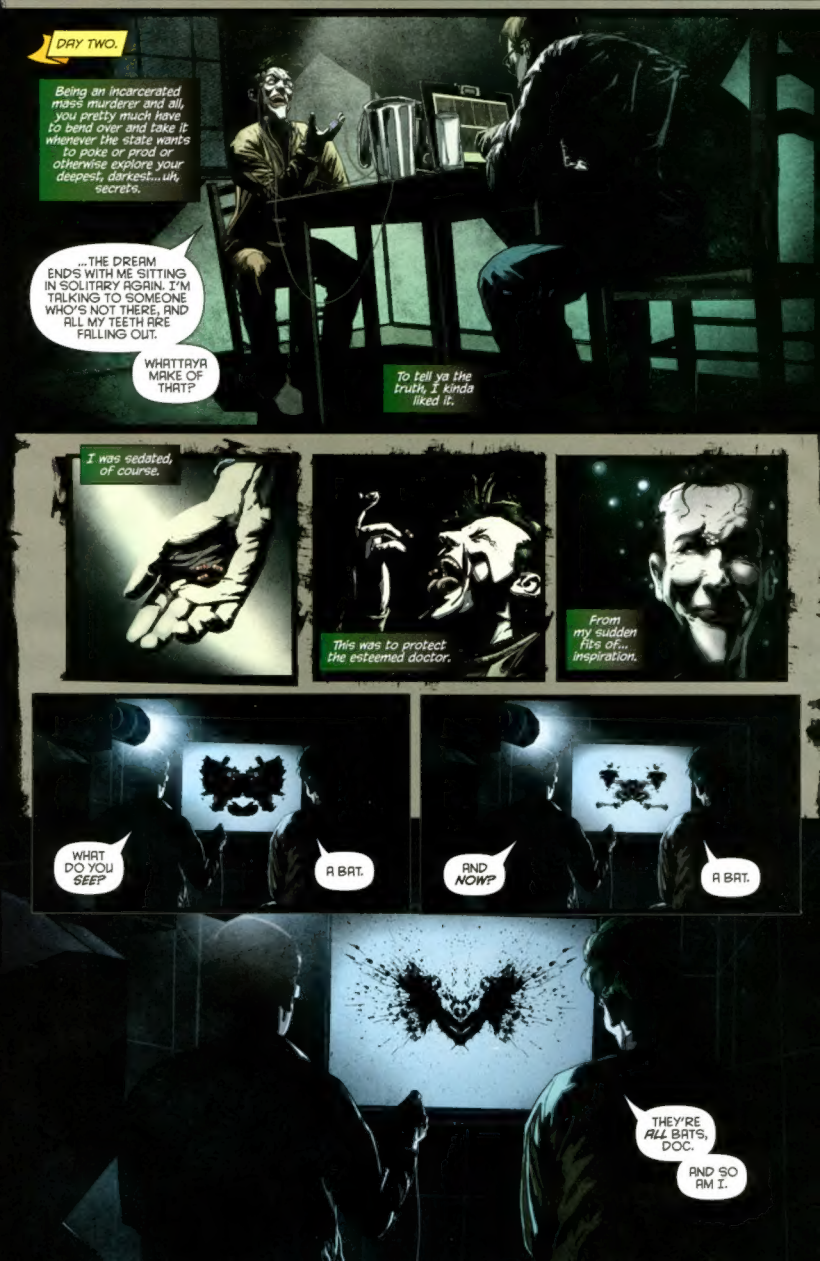
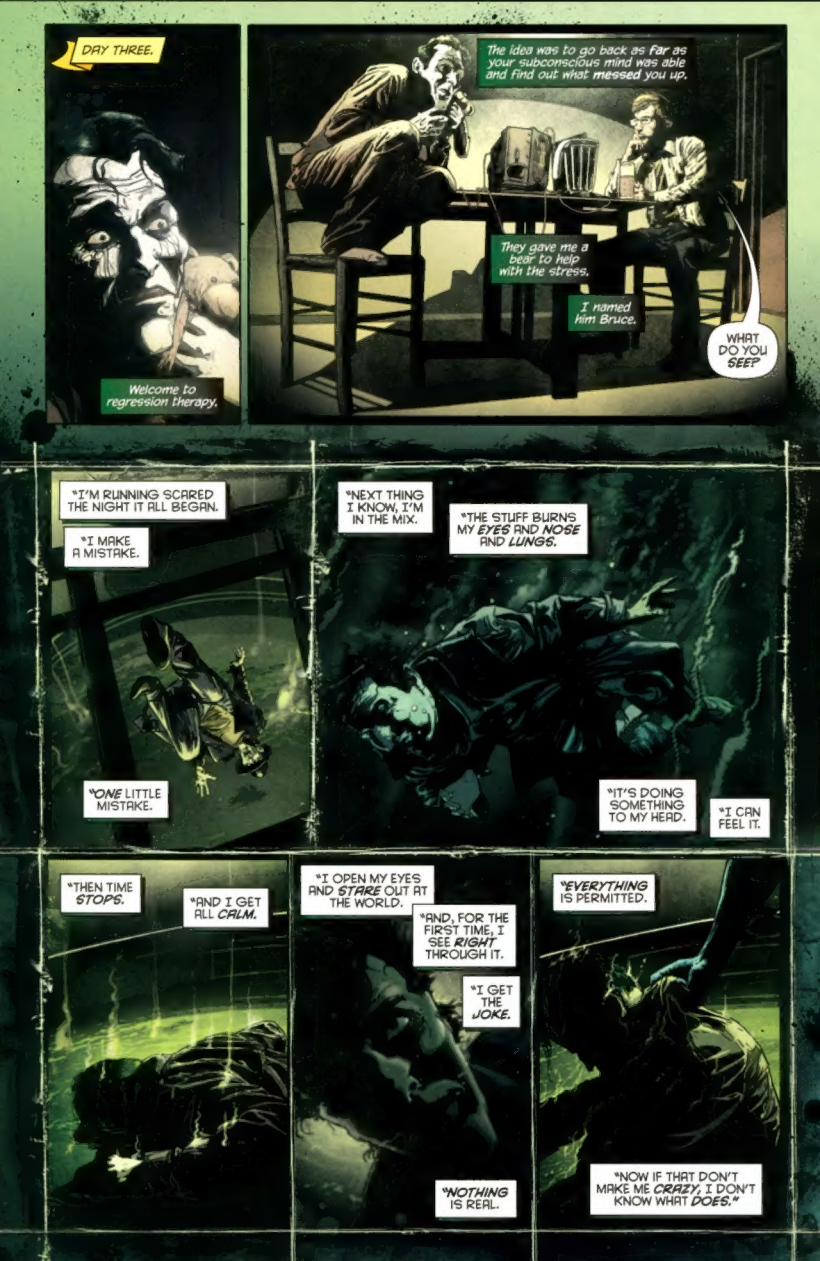
Batman created by Bob Kane

REALITY CHECK

WRITER: PETER MIRIANI ARTIST: SZYMON KUDRANSKI
COLORS: JOHN KALISZ LETTERS: DAVE SHARPE

DAY ONE.
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE INFAMOUS JOKER.
NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT, ARE YOU?
I ASSUME YOU RECOGNIZE ME.
Dr. Jonathan Ryan: celebrity shrink and star of TV's "The Psychomancer," in which the good doctor interviews serial killers and offers searing insights and analysis.
THERE ARE PEOPLE IN HIGH PLACES WHO DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THEIR TAX DOLLARS PAYING FOR YOUR STAY HERE.
THEY WANT A FRESH SET OF EYES ON YOUR CASE.
TIME FOR A REALITY CHECK, WHACK JOB.
Long story short: The mayor asked Ryan to evaluate my condition.
He wants to see if I'm fit to stand trial.
He wants to see me fry.
And when I do, the Doc here gets to make a pay-per-view special about it.
WANNA HEAR A JOKE?
GUY WORKING A CONSTRUCTION SITE STUBS HIS TOE ON A BRICK. HE PICKS UP THE BRICK. IT'S GOT A NUMBER ON IT-- BRICK 237. THE GUY SWEARS AT THE BRICK AND CHUCKS IT OUT THE WINDOW.
HE NEVER SEES BRICK 237 AGAIN.
I DON'T GET IT.
YOU WILL.


DAY TWO.
Being an incarcerated mass murderer and all, you pretty much have to bend over and take it whenever the state wants to poke or prod or otherwise explore your deepest, darkest... uh, secrets.
...THE DREAM ENDS WITH ME SITTING IN SOLITARY AGAIN. I'M TALKING TO SOMEONE WHO'S NOT THERE, AND ALL MY TEETH ARE FALLING OUT.
WHATTAYA MAKE OF THAT?
To tell ya the truth, I kinda liked it.
I was sedated, of course.
This was to protect the esteemed doctor.
From my sudden fits of... inspiration.
WHAT DO YOU SEE?
A BAT.
AND NOW?
A BAT.
THEY'RE ALL BATS, DOC.
AND SO AM I.


DAY THREE.
Welcome to regression therapy.
The idea was to go back as far as your subconscious mind was able and find out what messed you up.
They gave me a bear to help with the stress.
I named him Bruce.
WHAT DO YOU SEE?
"I'M RUNNING SCARED THE NIGHT IT ALL BEGAN.
"I MAKE A MISTAKE.
"ONE LITTLE MISTAKE.
"NEXT THING I KNOW, I'M IN THE MIX.
"THE STUFF BURNS MY EYES AND NOSE AND LUNGS.
"IT'S DOING SOMETHING TO MY HEAD.
"I CAN FEEL IT.
"THEN TIME STOPS.
"AND I GET ALL CALM.
"I OPEN MY EYES AND STARE OUT AT THE WORLD.
"AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I SEE RIGHT THROUGH IT.
"I GET THE JOKE.
"NOTHING IS REAL.
"EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED.
"NOW IF THAT DON'T MAKE ME CRAZY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT DOES."

DAY SEVEN.
Narcohypnosis.
The sedatives ensured my thought processes were properly lubricated.
And Ryan's little machine told him if I was lying or not.
So I had to get a little creative with the truth...
SECURITY FOUND SOME LOOSE MORTAR ON THE FLOOR OF YOUR CELL TODAY. THEY SAID A PIECE OF YOUR WALL WAS MISSING.
WERE YOU TRYING TO ESCAPE?
NO.
HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING YOUR PILLS?
MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.
ANY MORE QUESTIONS, DOC?
JUST ONE.
DO YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF TO BE INSANE?
DOES THE POPE WEAR A FUNNY HAT?

DAY FOURTEEN.
The isolation tank was like solitary confinement. Only wetter.
I told some jokes to pass the time.
YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE GUY FROM NANTUCKET?
HAHAHA!
WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO IN THERE?
IN THE ISOLATION TANK?
I WAS ENTERTAINING MY FANS.
SOME PEOPLE HAVE IMAGINARY FRIENDS... I HAVE IMAGINARY FANS.
FANS OF WHAT, EXACTLY?
HELLO! CLOWN HERE!
I MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH.
NOT EVERYONE'S HERE TO SEE THE BATMAN, YA KNOW!
GUY'S AS DULL AS THE DAY IS LONG.
BUT YOU'RE NOT A CLOWN. YOU'RE A MASS MURDERER.
IT'S A FINE LINE.
IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I'VE GOT A VERY DEMANDING PUBLIC.
I'M CONSTANTLY STRIVING TO EXCEED THEIR EXPECTATIONS!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MUCH PRESSURE I'M UNDER?
DO YOU?!
HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT THESE IMAGINARY FANS OF YOURS ARE REALLY JUST FIGMENTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION?
HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU, DOC, THAT WE'RE REALLY JUST FIGMENTS OF THEIRS?

DAY EIGHTEEN.
The movies were my favorite.
HAHAHA!
WHO WRITES THIS STUFF? WHERE DO THEY GET THEIR IDEAS?
DAY TWENTY-ONE.
SO TELL ME, DOC. JUST HOW CRAZY AM I?
TO BE HONEST, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE "CRAZY" AT ALL.
NOT CRAZY?
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CONFIRM ANYTHING IN YOUR CONDITION CONSISTENT WITH A DIAGNOSIS OF SCHIZOPHRENIA OR MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER.
WHAT THE HELL AM I IF I'M NOT CRAZY?
WHATEVER YOU ARE ISN'T IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.
BUT YOU'RE NOT CRAZY.
NOT IN THE LEGAL SENSE.
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR GODFORSAKEN MIND?!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THEY'RE GONNA DO TO ME OUT THERE IF YOU TELL 'EM I'M NOT CRAZY?
DO YOU?!
THEY'RE GONNA PUT ME ON TRIAL FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD I'VE MURDERED, MAIMED AND DEFILED!
I'M GONNA FREAKIN' FRY!

HEHEHE.
SO THEN WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?
WHO'RE WE KIDDING, DOC?
NO ONE'S EVER GONNA SEE THAT REPORT.
AND WHY IS THAT?
REMEMBER WHEN I SAID I'D BEEN TAKING MY PILLS?
I LIED.
BUT THE POLYGRAPH TEST DIDN'T DETECT ANY--
OH, I TOOK THE PILLS, JUST LIKE I SAID.
BUT I DIDN'T SWALLOW THEM...
...INSTEAD I SAVED 'EM UP...
...GROUND THEM INTO POWDER...
...AND DUMPED THEM INTO YOUR WATER.

AND THEY SHOULD BE HITTING... RIGHT ABOUT... NOW!
FEELING A LITTLE FUNNY, DOC?
REMINDS ME OF A JOKE I KNOW.
STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE BEFORE...
...WORLD FAMOUS SHRINK TAKES A TRIP TO THE LOONY BIN. HE'S GONNA CRACK THE BIGGEST NUT IN THE NUT HOUSE, SEE.
THEY TALK FOR A BIT 'TIL THE WHACK JOB GETS BORED.
WHEN THE SHRINK LEAVES THE ASYLUM, IT'S IN A MEAT TRUCK.
WITH HIS BRAINS BASHED IN.
WHEN THEY DO THE AUTOPSY THEY LEARN THE MURDER WEAPON IS STILL STUCK INSIDE HIM.
GUESS WHAT KILLED HIM...
BRICK 237!
GET IT?!
OH DOC...
...THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE...
PRICE-LESS!
NOT CRAZY, HUH?!
TELL THAT TO YOUR FREAKIN' COMA!

SEE?
OW! HEY!
NOT IN THE FACE!
I MEAN, IF I'M NOT CRAZY, WHAT AM I DOING IN THE LOONY BIN...
...ALL ALONE IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT...
...TALKING TO MY IMAGINARY...
UH...
YOU ARE IMAGINARY, RIGHT?
RIGHT?!
THE END

Honestly, I'd forgotten how beautiful she was.

If only I'd never lost her. These days I'm... out of practice. Need to get my confidence back.
So c'mon, Edward, just walk up to her and say the words.

HEY, BEAUTIFUL. YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH ME TONIGHT.

Or at least you would be if security wasn't so tight.

So... since I am out of practice, maybe I need to think in other ways
Like... how would Selina do this? How would Catwoman commit the robbery?

My own robberies were never very stealthy.

My motto was, "Plan to exaction. Then use flash for distraction."

But this Degas statue goes back into hiding tomorrow. No time for planning. Only stealing.

Spur of the moment robberies are more Selina's style. She loves slithering down on nylon cords.

Or giving a guard a wink and nod to distract him.

The truth of it, though, is that I'm not the best on a rope.

And you, sir, are not my type.

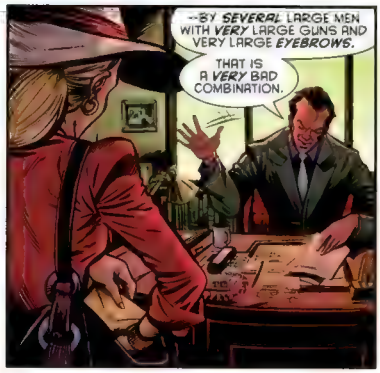
ENJOYING THE SHOW?

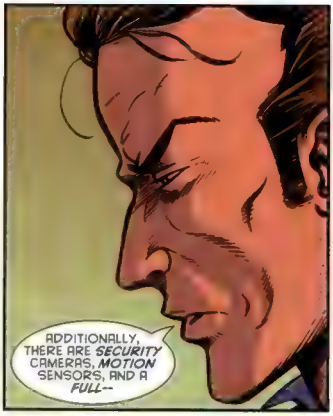
ABSOLUTELY.

Maybe I should think in terms of how Batman would steal the statue?
Oh, let's face it. Who knows? I've never really been able to get into that man's head.
This is futile. I can't do this without days of planning, and since I don't have days of planning, I can't do this.
One thing for certain... I always get punched when Batman's involved.
Even if I'm just mingling with the crowd, having a brioche, he'll put one on my nose.
I'll just have to tell Audrey it's impossible.

ONE HOUR LATER
EDWARD NIGMA
IMPOSSIBLE? IT BETTER NOT BE IMPOSSIBLE!
WANDA, HOLD ALL CALLS, PLEASE.
YES SIR, MR. NIGMA.
AND YOU, AUDREY...BE REASONABLE. IF IT CAN'T BE DONE--

IF IT CAN'T BE DONE, THEN YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO DO SOMETHING IMPOSSIBLE.
THAT... DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE.
LISTEN, THE STATUE IS GUARDED--


--BY SEVERAL LARGE MEN WITH VERY LARGE GUNS AND VERY LARGE EYEBROWS.
THAT IS A VERY BAD COMBINATION.


ADDITIONALLY, THERE ARE SECURITY CAMERAS, MOTION SENSORS, AND A FULL--

RIDDLER... WHAT DO I HAVE HERE?
THAT WOULD BE...
...AN ENVELOPE FULL OF INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE OF MY PAST CRIMES?
RIGHT. AND DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT IT THIS MORNING?

THAT MORNING.
Yes. Yes. I remember.
MR. RIDDLER! MR. RIDDLER!
PLEASE... IT'S EDWARD. EDWARD NIGMA.

You said there was a private showing of Degas's "Questionable Dancer" statue.
And that if I didn't steal it, and give it to you--

--then you would mail off proof of how I stole it from you in the first place.
OH, MR. NIGMA. MS. KYLE IS HERE TO--

NOT NOW. HOLD ALL CALLS, WOULD YOU, WANDA?

BUT I TOLD YOU THEN HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT WAS. TOO CLOSELY GUARDED. IT'S RIDICULOUS.
THINK OF IT AS A RIDICULOUS PUZZLE, THEN. AND GET... IT... SOLVED.
TAP TAP TAP

OH. ALL RIGHT. I'LL GET IT FOR YOU. TONIGHT.

SEVEN HOURS LATER
"Think of it as a puzzle, then," she says. What a sucker punch.
OH WELL, NOTHING TO DO BUT MAKE THE BEST OF IT...PUT MY PLAN IN ACTION.
Stage One--move quietly across the rooftop, avoiding the security cameras.
Stage Two--locate where the guards change into uniform, and slip into a disguise.
Stage Three--trigger a fire alarm.
Stage Four--take the statue in all the confusion, and then dash away into the welcoming night.

OKAY THEN. LET'S HOPE THIS ALL WORKS OUT EXACTLY AS I--
THUMBBT
--PLANNED?
OKAY. NEXT TIME I BRING *NIGHT GOGGLES*, AND MAYBE A *PILLOW* I CAN *DUCT-TAPE* TO MY *FACE*.
I *DEFINITELY* NEED TO START SOME SORT OF LARCENY WORKOUT REGIMEN.
EVEN IF I'VE LEFT *CRIME* BEHIND, I SHOULDN'T LET THE NECESSARY *SKILLS* WITHER AND--
SLAMMM
HUH?
NOTHING. MEANING I CAN NOW ADD *PARANOIA* TO MY *FESTERING* LIST OF *FOIBLES*.
COULD THIS NIGHT GET ANY *WORSE*?

TEN MINUTES LATER
Made it inside easily enough. Maybe the old magic is still humming.
Yes. I'm definitely feeling good.

Though it feels a bit strange not to leave a riddle.
CHANGING

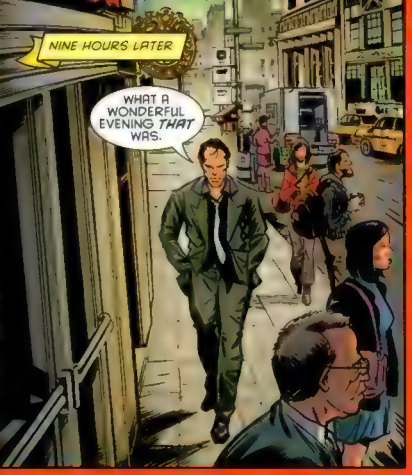
OKAY. I GET IT. I'M NOT A BIG GUY.
EVERY UNIFORM HERE IS GOING TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A DUCK WEARING A GOOSE'S SUIT.

But I only need to fool them for a moment after I set off the fire alarm, so it shouldn't--
AND THEN SHE SAYS, "BOTTLENOSE DOLPHINS DON'T ACTUALLY HAVE BOTTLES."

CHANGING ROOM
I MEAN, I KNEW THAT. I WAS JUST SAYING THEY SHOULD, BECAUSE... HEY...
DANG IT, RICHTER. QUIT LEAVING THIS DOOR OPEN.

CLIKKT

Did...did they just...lock me in?


NINE HOURS LATER
WHAT A WONDERFUL EVENING THAT WAS.

I'm just lucky I was able to sneak away when the new shift arrived.

Of course, now I have to deal with Audrey, and there's no way she's going to be--

--HAPPY?
OH, EDWARD! THERE YOU ARE!

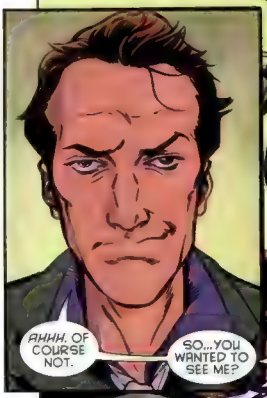
THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR GETTING MY STATUE BACK!
HUH?

BUT...I DIDN'T STEAL IT.
WHAT? YOU DIDN'T? BUT THEN HOW DID--?
OH, I SEE. YES. OF COURSE YOU DIDN'T STEAL IT.

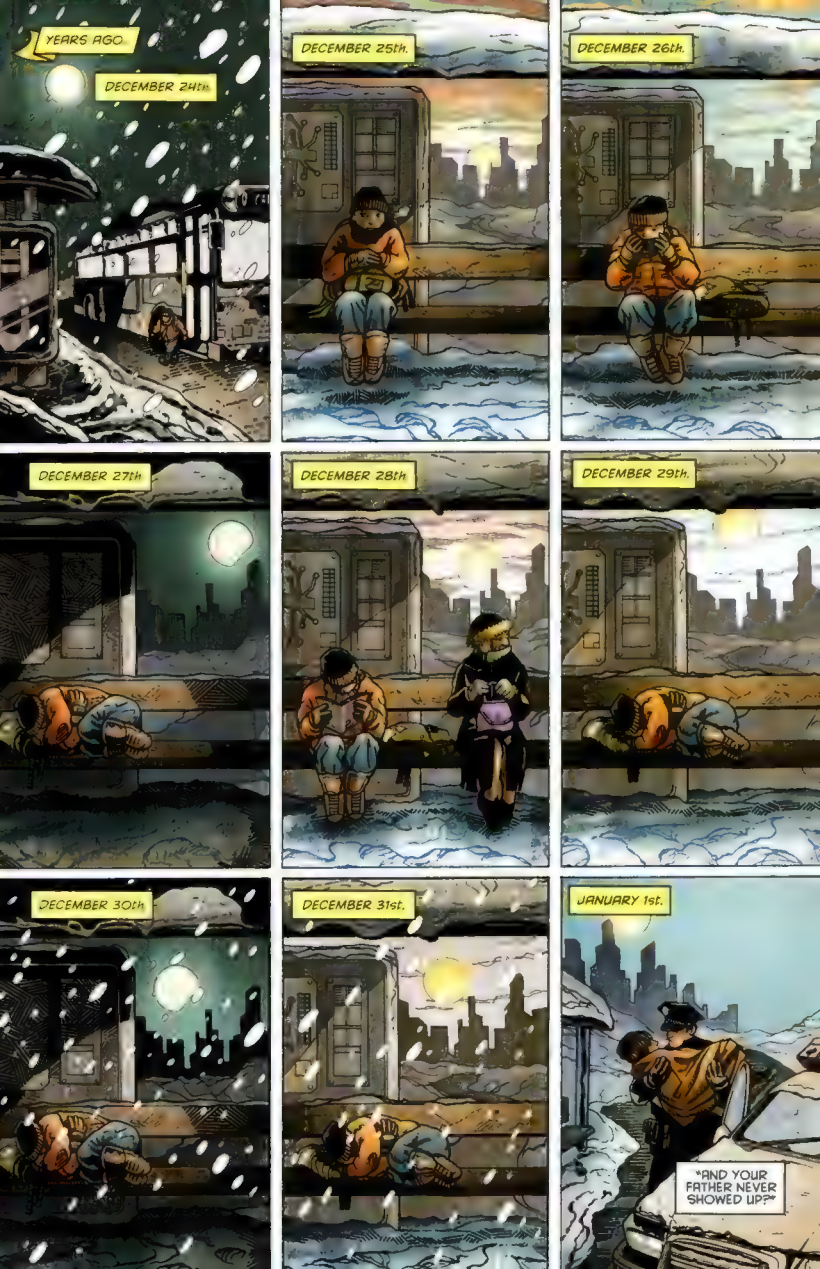
AND NOW... I THINK IT'S TIME TO TAKE THIS PRETTY GIRL HOME.
I LEFT SOMETHING FOR YOU THERE ON THE DESK, EDWARD.
BUT... HOW...?

MS. KYLE TO SEE YOU, BOSS.
OH? THANKS.
WAIT. SELINA?

WAS IT YOU?
WAS WHAT ME?
I'M SURE I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT BALLERINA YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.


AHHH. OF COURSE NOT.
SO...YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK.
FOR YOU, RIGHT NOW, ANYTHING.
WANDA! HOLD MY CALLS!
MAY I HAVE THIS DANCER?
WRITER: PAUL TOBIN
ARTIST: RYAN KELLY
COLORIST: IRISH MULVIHILL
LETTERS: S WANDS
THE END


YEARS AGO.
DECEMBER 24th.
DECEMBER 25th.
DECEMBER 26th.
DECEMBER 27th
DECEMBER 28th
DECEMBER 29th.
DECEMBER 30th
DECEMBER 31st.
JANUARY 1st.
AND YOUR FATHER NEVER SHOWED UP?

NO. NO, HE DID NOT.
THAT'S... I'M SORRY, JULIAN.
YES.
I WAS NEARLY DEAD WHEN THE POLICE FINALLY FOUND ME. IT WAS NEW YEAR'S DAY.
AND IT TRULY WAS. A NEW YEAR, I MEAN. EVERYTHING HAD CHANGED.
THE WORLD HAD GROWN UP.
SO...AM I CORRECT IN THINKING THAT'S WHEN THIS ALL STARTED? YOUR OBSESSION WITH DAYS?
WHEN YOU BEGAN TO FIND ALMOST...LITERAL INTERPRETATIONS FOR THE MORE SIGNIFICANT DAYS ON THE CALENDAR?
EVERY DAY IS SIGNIFICANT.
EVERY DAY...
...COUNTS

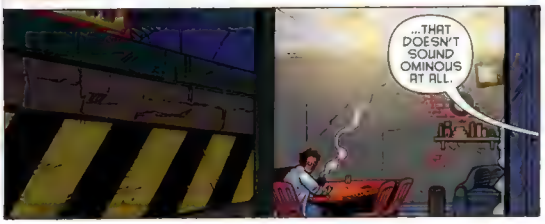
CATCHING UP ON SOME READING?
CALENDAR MAN'S CRIME SPREE

OH, HEY. YEAH.
DOING A LITTLE RESEARCH.
I THINK I'M FINALLY MAKING SOME HEADWAY WITH ONE OF MY PATIENTS, JULIAN DAY.

WHAT, WITH CALENDAR MAN? WOW. THAT'S SURPRISING.
I KNOW, RIGHT? AFTER THIS MONTH I DIDN'T THINK HE'D EVER START TO OPEN UP AGAIN.
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MANY HOLIDAYS THERE ARE IN FEBRUARY?

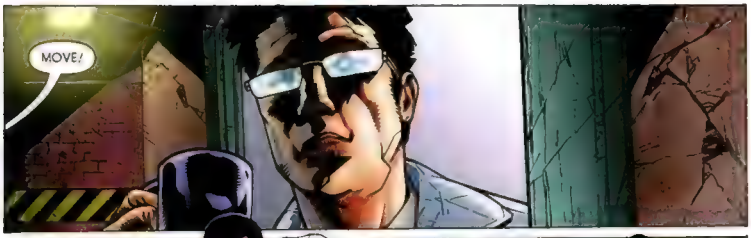
WE'D START MAKING SOME PROGRESS AND THEN BEFORE I KNEW IT, IT'S GROUNDHOG DAY OR ASH WEDNESDAY OR VALENTINE'S DAY OR CHINESE NEW YEAR.
AND THEN IT'S MOOD SWINGS. VIOLENT TEMPER. ESCAPE ATTEMPTS.
ALL KEEPING WITH THE THEME OF THE OCCASION, OF COURSE.
OF COURSE.

THANKFULLY THAT'S ALL OVER NOW.
I MEAN, HE SEEMS A LITTLE MORE DEPRESSED THAN USUAL TODAY, BUT EVEN STILL, I SHOULD HAVE A NICE HALF MONTH BREATHER BEFORE IT'S THE IDES OF MARCH.
YEAH, GOOD LUCK WITH THAT...

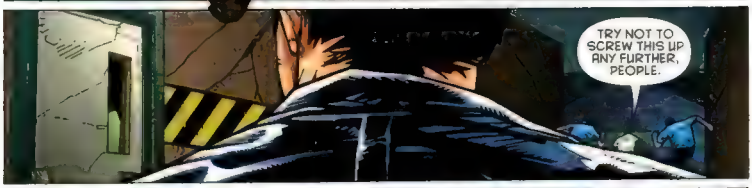

...THAT DOESN'T SOUND OMINOUS AT ALL.

...FEBRUARY...
...MARCH...
APRIL...
WILL YOU *PLEASE* BE QUIET? I'M TRYING TO WATCH MY PROGRAM.
BUT IT'S MY CALENDAR. MY FAVORITE ONE.
THE KNUCKLES HAVE 31 DAYS. THE SPACES BETWEEN... HAVE LESS.
FINE. JUST KEEP IT DOWN.
I LOVE THIS CARTOON.
FEBMAR
BUT I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY CALENDAR.

AHHHH!!!
WHAT...?!
BREAK IT UP!
MAY! JUNE! JULY!
-OOF-


MOVE!

ALL NON-VITALS TO EXIT POSTS! THIS IS A CODE RED!
WE NEED TO KEEP DAY IN THE BUILDING.


TRY NOT TO SCREW THIS UP ANY FURTHER, PEOPLE.

JULIAN?

BUT IT'S MARCH 1st...HE SHOULDN'T...
Fri
Feb 29
9:02 PM

LEAP YEAR.
OH, GOD!

JULIAN!
HELLO, DR. DOUGLAS.
DON'T...!
HAPPY LEAP DAY
FEBMARI

THERE HE IS! MOVE IT!

WE GOT HIM. PREP HIS CELL.
YES, WELL, SEE YOU IN ANOTHER FOUR YEARS, I SUPPOSE.
MRRRPRR
NO. I'M NOT GOING TO PLAY INTO YOUR LITTLE GAMES.
YOU NEED HELP, JULIAN.
OH.
YES.
OF COURSE.
CJANFE

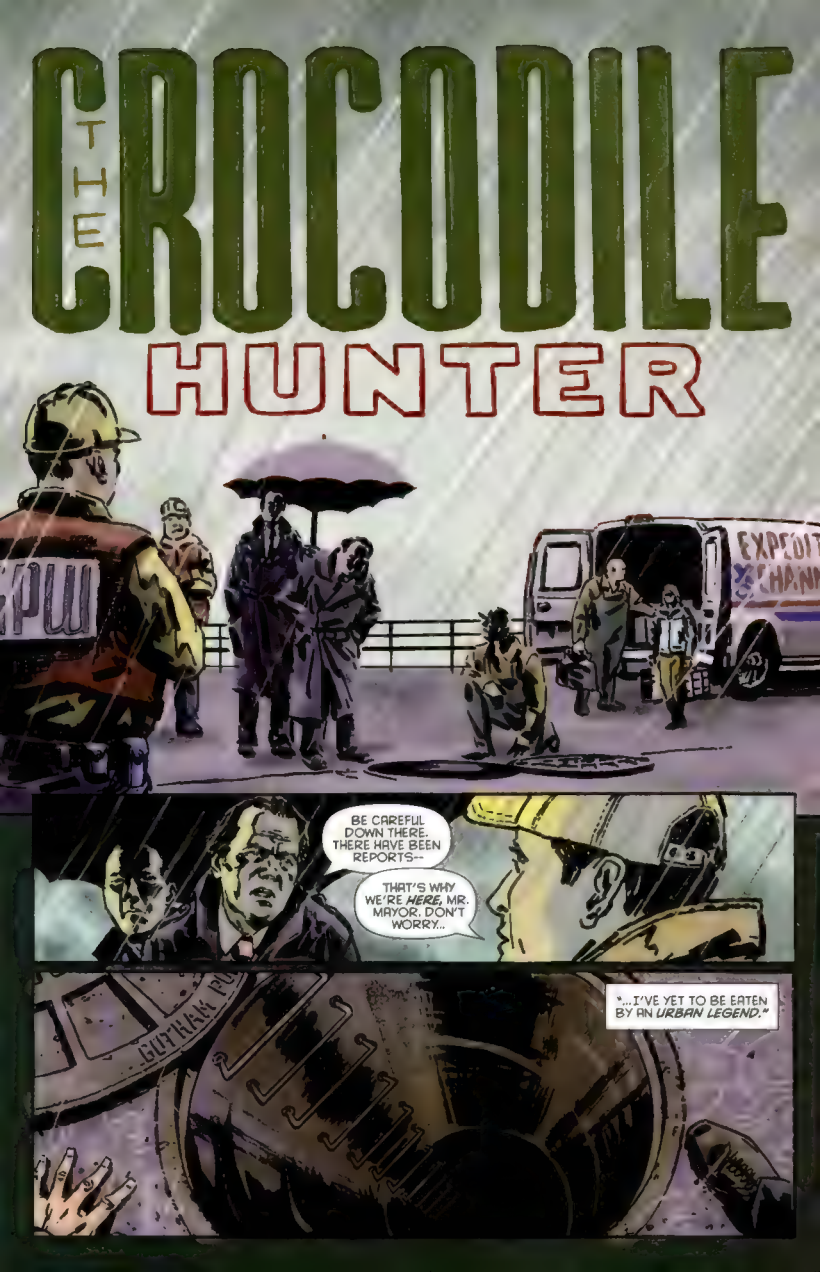
ALL RIGHT.

I'LL BE HERE.

HM.
YOU WILL BE, WON'T YOU?

EVERY DAY COUNTS
Monday 1
Tuesday 2
Wednesday 3
Thursday 4
Friday 5
MATTHEW MANNING writer
GARRY BROWN penciller
LIVESAY inker
CHRIS BECKETT colorist
PAT BROSSEAU letterer

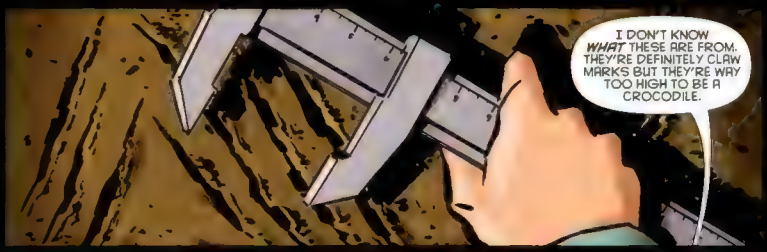
THE CROCODILE HUNTER



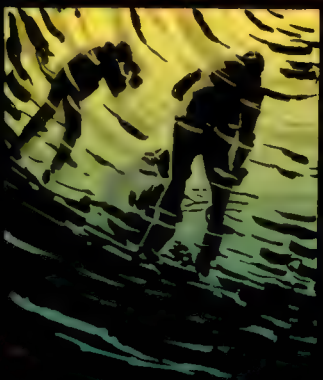
LIGHT LOOKS GREAT, DANIEL.
GOOD. YOU READY TO START FILMING?
YUP.
SARA, YOU READY?
SARA?
START ROLLING.
TODAY WE'RE STANDING IN THE SEWERS OF *GOTHAM CITY* IN SEARCH OF AN URBAN LEGEND THAT HAS HAUNTED CITIES SINCE THE 1800'S--*THE SEWER CROCODILE.*
I HAVE WITH ME TODAY *DR. SARA KELLY,* A BIOLOGIST WHO SPECIALIZES IN CROCODILIAN REPTILES.
DR. KELLY, WHAT IS THE *LIKELIHOOD* OF THE LEGENDARY SEWER CROCODILE'S EXISTENCE?
WELL, DANIEL, THE FIRST THING I'LL BE LOOKING FOR IS TO SEE IF THE TEMPERATURE IN THE SEWERS COULD SUPPORT REPTILES. SINCE THEY'RE COLD-BLOODED, THEY NEED A HEAT SOURCE TO SURVIVE.
THE TEMPERATURE ISN'T IDEAL, BUT IT IS ADEQUATE.

THE NEXT THING THEY'D HAVE TO HAVE IS A *FOOD SOURCE* THAT COULD SUSTAIN THEIR IMMENSE SIZE.
WELL, THERE HAVE BEEN RECENT REPORTS THAT HOMELESS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE OLD SEWER ENTRANCE.
THAT'S A LITTLE DISTURBING. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEIR DISAPPEARANCE IS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO AN *ANIMAL?*
THERE WAS A WITNESS THAT REPORTED SEEING ONE OF THEM DRAGGED UNDERWATER BY SOME SORT OF ANIMAL.
JACOB, TURN THAT OFF FOR A SECOND.
I *KNEW* THIS WAS A BAD IDEA! YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A GLORY HOUND, BUT EXPLOITING THE DEATHS OF HOMELESS PEOPLE FOR YOUR *RATINGS*— THAT'S TAKING IT *TOO FAR.*
SARA, IT'S JUST A *MYTH!* COME ON! I'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR *YEARS* AND NONE OF THESE LEGENDS ARE REAL. IT'S JUST *FANTASY.*
THEN WHAT AM I DOING DOWN HERE AGAIN?
COME ON. LET'S JUST FINISH THIS.
UH, GUYS. DID ANYONE SEE THIS?

ZOOM IN ON THAT.


I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THESE ARE FROM. THEY'RE DEFINITELY CLAW MARKS BUT THEY'RE WAY TOO HIGH TO BE A CROCODILE.

BUT THEY *ARE* CLAW MARKS, RIGHT?
YEAH...I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE THEM...



AHHH!

HELP!
SPLOOOOOSH

DAN!
DANIEL!

WHAT HAPPENED?
I-I TRIPPED. CAUGHT THE EDGE OF THE WALKWAY OR SOMETHI--

DANIEL?

MAKE SURE YOU GET *THAT* ON TAPE.

WE NEED TO GO BACK AND GET THE *POLICE*. THERE'S OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING *GOING ON!*
WE DON'T NEED THE POLICE, SARA. WE JUST NEED TO GET THIS ALL ON *FILM*.
FORGET IT. I'M DONE.
SARA, WE'RE LOST. THE GPS AND MAP ARE SOMEWHERE IN THE WATER AND UNLESS YOU PLAN ON *DIVING IN*, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER.
THE CATCH BASIN ISN'T FAR FROM HERE. LET'S JUST GO THERE AND REGROUP.
I DON'T THINK THE BASIN IS A GOOD IDEA, DANIEL.
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE IF THERE *IS* SOMETHING DOWN HERE, THAT'S THE DEEPEST AREA OF WATER
BUT THERE'S *NOTHING* DOWN HERE.
SPLLLSH
JACOB-- DID YOU GET THAT?
COME ON!

GRAB THE UNDERWATER CAMERA, JAKE.
NO, THIS IS GREAT!
THIS IS INSANE!
DANIEL, THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE.
I KNOW
WE'VE REACHED THE CATCH BASIN WHERE THE NOISES SEEM TO BE EMANATING FROM.
ACCORDING TO DR. KELLY, THE CATCH BASIN IS ALSO THE MOST PROBABLE AREA A CROCODILE WOULD LIVE.
JACOB!
DANIEL! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
DANIEL?!
I'M COMING IN!
STAY THERE!

I'M ALMOST THERE! DANIEL?!
NO! SARA, GO BACK! DON'T COME IN HERE!
DANIEL!
SARA!
KRACK

EXPEDITION CHANNEL-0... URBAN LEGEND-1!
MANDY McINURRIN
WRITER
MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH
ART + COLOR
SWANDS
LETTERS
THE END

WAYN
...JUST AN HOUR FROM NOW, FORMER BILLIONAIRE BRUCE WAYNE IS SCHEDULED TO BE EXECUTED FOR THE BRUTAL MURDER OF HIS PARENTS, MARTHA AND THOMAS WAYNE.
THRESHOLD
JOHN STANISCI WRITER/ARTIST RICHARD & TONYA HORIE COLORS PAT BROSSEAU LETTERS
MR. WAYNE WILL BE PUT TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AT MIDNIGHT PRECISELY.
CLICK
I ONCE HAD A PATIENT WHO FAILED TO EXPERIENCE FEAR.
AS A MAN OF SCIENCE, AND THIS FELLOW'S PSYCHIATRIST AT THE TIME, HIS LACK OF RESPONSE WAS QUITE FRUSTRATING.

EVEN AS I SNUFFED THE LAST BREATH FROM HIS BODY...
...THIS PATIENT NEVER EXPERIENCED FEAR.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT...
...UNTIL NOW... UNTIL YOU.
I ALMOST HATE TO ADMIT THIS, BATMAN, BUT YOUR AMYGDALA IS IRRESISTIBLE TO ME.
THAT'S THE AREA OF THE BRAIN WHICH PROCESSES NEGATIVE EMOTION...
...Y'KNOW, ANGER, FEAR... ALL THE GOOD STUFF.
ALL THOSE DARK EMOTIONS THAT KEEP ME COMING BACK TO YOU.

HAVE I EVER SHARED WITH YOU WHAT *DRIVES* MY OBSESSION FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL DISCOVERY?
IT'S THE SACRED UNION THAT EXISTS BETWEEN DOCTOR AND PATIENT. THE *MUTUAL NEED* EACH ONE HAS FOR THE OTHER.
THE DARK, UNLIT CORNERS OF THE MIND WE CAN ONLY SEE TOGETHER.
THE SEALED DOORWAYS OUR HAND'S CAN PRY OPEN AND LOOK THROUGH.
NOW THAT WE HAVE THIS TIME TOGETHER, WE WILL BEGIN OUR EXPLORATION...
...INTO THE LEVELS OF NEGATIVE EMOTIONAL DEREGULATION...
...TO FIND THE THRESHOLD AT WHICH YOU EXPERIENCE *TRUE FEAR*...

BLAM!
BLAM!

FASCINATING.
A SLIGHT CHANGE IN YOUR BREATHING, AS WELL AS A TIGHTENING OF YOUR JAW.
WE'VE GONE DEEPER INTO THE NIGHTMARE, HAVEN'T WE?
YOUR PRECIOUS AMYGDALA IS WORKING OVERTIME TO PROCESS THE NEGATIVE EMOTION TRANSMITTING THROUGH YOUR NEURAL PATHWAYS
WAYNE
THE SCIENCE OF YOU IS SO... STIMULATING.
IT'S UNFORTUNATE I CANNOT SEE OR EXPERIENCE YOUR NIGHTMARE FIRST-HAND.
IT MAKES ONE A BIT SAD.

YES...DEEPER NOW.
I THINK YOU'LL FIND THE ALTERATIONS TO MY FEAR SERUM QUITE *STIMULATING*.
PAST SERUMS WOULD FLOOD INFORMATION THROUGH YOUR NEURAL RECEPTORS LIKE A TIDAL WAVE.
THIS STRAIN HAS A SLOWER, MORE INCREMENTAL DELIVERY SYSTEM, ALLOWING YOUR BRAIN TO EXPAND ITS THRESHOLD FOR PROCESSING NEGATIVE EMOTIONS.
BUT YOU ALREADY HAVE A LARGE THRESHOLD FOR THAT, *DON'T* YOU?

WAYNE
I JUST WANT A PIECE, THAT'S ALL.
I KNOW TIME IS SHORT BEFORE YOU RECOVER FROM THE SERUM.
I JUST WANT THE *SMALLEST* SLIVER OF WHAT YOU ARE BEHIND THAT MASK.

SOMETHING I CAN USE IN THE FUTURE--
...THIS...
YES...TELL ME.
THIS...
...IS ALL MY FAULT...
THANK YOU.
KA-THUNK!

VERY GOOD. VERY CLEVER.
AN *ELECTRONIC FAIL-SAFE* BUILT INTO THE COSTUME.
YOUR OMISSION IS QUITE INTRIGUING.
I HAD HYPOTHESIZED ABOUT AN EARLY TRAUMA OF SOME SORT.

SOMETHING DARK, SOMETHING VIOLENT.
BUT THE GUILT RESPONSE... IT FITS SO PERFECTLY. A CLASSIC FREUDIAN STRUGGLE OF THE EGO AND SUPEREGO.
WHATEVER THE EARLY EVENT, YOUR UNFORMED BRAIN IS UNABLE TO ACCURATELY PROCESS THE TRAUMA, THUS THE SUBCONSCIOUS ASSERTS A LEVEL OF RESPONSIBILITY IN ORDER TO COPE.
HOW WONDERFUL.
THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING IN TERMS OF MY APPROACH. YOU MUST KNOW THAT.
NEXT TIME, WE WILL JOURNEY DEEPER TOGETHER. MUCH, MUCH DEEPER...
END

SO. HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO STAY?
WHAT IF WE AGREE ON LONG ENOUGH FOR PEOPLE TO KNOW YOU WERE EVEN HERE?
I CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING, ALFRED
TWO-FACE
written by SEAN RYAN
art by JOE SUITOR
lettered by TRAVIS LANHAM

BRUCE!
YES! IT'S ME. HELLO.
WELCOME ONE AND ALL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TO THE NOW ANNUAL WAYNE MASQUERADE.
TONIGHT IS ALL ABOUT MYSTERY AND BEING SOMEBODY ELSE. SO WHOEVER YOU ARE NOW...LEAVE AS SOMEONE ELSE!
HAVE A GREAT NIGHT!
WELL DONE, SIR.
JUST DOING MY JOB, ALFRED.

BRUCE! AREN'T YOU A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES. HOW'VE YA BEEN?

SOMEBODY GET THESE TWO LADIES SOME DRINKS, AND I MEAN NOW!
QUICK! SOMEBODY DO WHAT HE SAYS! I THINK HE MEANS IT!

MS. CREEGAN, YOU ARE *TOO* SWEET. YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME A TOOTHACHE!
OH, BRUCE WAYNE, YOU'RE TOO MUCH!

SHE'S GOT ME! SHE'S GOT ME! ALFRED, GET THE JAWS OF LIFE!
YOUR BUTLER CAN'T SAVE YOU THIS TIME, BRUCIE!

REYNOLDS! HOW'S THAT GOLF INJURY? THE WRIST STILL ACTING UP?
BRUCE, MY SWING WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.

WAYNE, I CAUGHT YOU! THOUGHT YOU COULD AVOID ME, HUH?

EVERYTHING IS JUST AMAZING, BRUCE, AS USUAL.
TELL ALFRED. I DIDN'T BREAK A SWEAT PUTTING ANY OF THIS TOGETHER.

WATCH OUT! SHEILA'S BUSTING OUT SOME OF THOSE OLD BREAK DANCING MOVES.
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET!

I'LL BE OUT IN SHANGHAI SOON.
GREAT. LET'S PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER NEXT WEEK.

SQUASH NEXT WEDNESDAY SOUNDS DOABLE. CHECK WITH MY SECRETARY.
YOU CAN'T BAIL ON ME THIS TIME, WAYNE. I'M STARTING TO THINK YOU'RE SCARED TO PLAY ME.

YOU LOOK GORGEOUS. MY JAW NEARLY DROPPED WHEN YOU WALKED IN.
OH BRUCE... STOP.

ALL RIGHT THEN

NOW, LADIES, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I NEED TO STEP OUT.
NO! BRUCE!
DON'T GO!

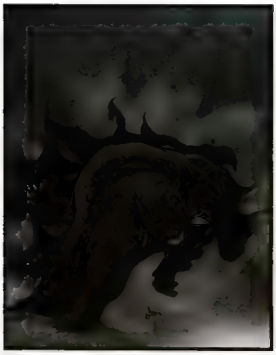
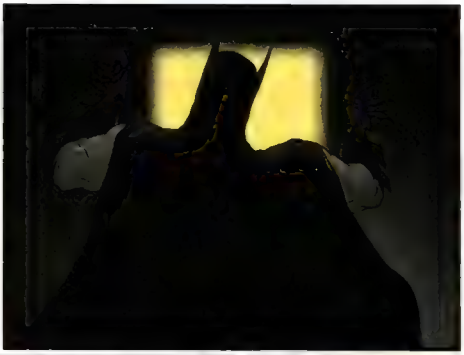
LADIES, PLEASE, IT'S NOT UP TO ME. IT'S OUT OF MY CONTROL, I'M SORRY TO SAY.

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

HEY! WAYNE! YOU...I MEAN YOU'RE...
WHOOP, EXCUSE ME THERE, BUDDY. JUST PASSING THROUGH.
...JUST AN UNBELIEVRBLE... I MEAN, REALLY...
GET HOME SAFE, OKAY?

WORRY NOT, ALL, I'LL BE BACK SOON!

WISH ME LUCK!

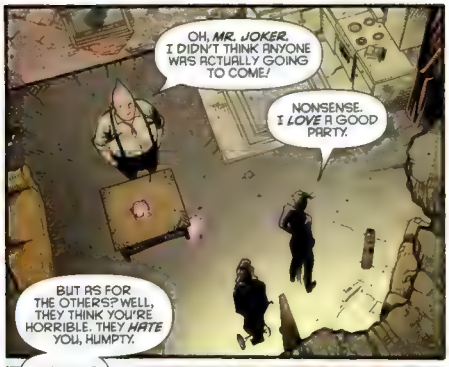
ALL RIGHT, THEN.

FREEZE!
PUT YOUR GUNS DOWN.
NICE WORK HERE, BATMAN.
JUST DOING MY JOB, GORDON.

BUT I HAVE TO GO.
GOD FORBID ANYONE KNOW YOU WERE HERE.
DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
TWO-FACE
written by SEAN RYAN
art by JOE SUITOR
lettered by TRAVIS LANHAM

BLACK MOLD AND CLUMPS OF SULLIED HAIR FLOAT UNDER THE GUIDE OF HEAVY BREATHING.
THE MOLD IS THE BYPRODUCT OF RAIN FALLING THROUGH THE APARTMENT'S MAKESHIFT SKYLIGHT--
--BECAUSE AFTER SPENDING TWO LONG YEARS WITHIN THE CONFINES OF ARKHAM ASYLUM, HE JUST WANTED TO SEE THE SUN.
THE HAIRS FALL FROM THE FLESH OF TWO CATS SEWN TOGETHER WITH FISHING LINE AND IMPRECISION--
--HIS MEANS OF "FIXING" THE CRUELLY INDEPENDENT ANIMALS BY ENSURING THEY HAVE COMPANIONSHIP.
AND THE STRAINED BREATHS, WHICH REVERB' INSIDE CLOGGED NOSTRILS LIKE A COMBUSTION MOTOR, COME FROM THE LONELY MAN WHO NEVER CONSIDERS BLOWING HIS NOSE.
HIS NAME IS HUMPHRY DUMPLER AND TODAY, ON HIS BIRTHDAY, HE WISHES FOR THE SAME THING HE'S WANTED SINCE THE DAY HIS GRAND-MOTHER FIRST CALLED HIM WORTHLESS.
KNOCK KNOCK!
COME IN.
THERE IS NO GREATER SORROW--
--THAN TO BE MINDFUL OF THE HAPPY TIME--
--IN MISERY, AND THAT THY TEACHER KNOWS.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HUMPTY... MANY HAPPY RETURNS!


OH, MR. JOKER. I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO COME!
NONSENSE. I LOVE A GOOD PARTY.

BUT AS FOR THE OTHERS? WELL, THEY THINK YOU'RE HORRIBLE. THEY HATE YOU, HUMPTY.
EVERYONE DOES.
BUT NOT ME.
THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU THIS...
WHAT IS IT?
A GIFT, HUMPTY--

--SOMETHING THAT NEEDS REPAIR.

OH MY.
WHY, HARVEY, YOU LOOK ANGRY. ARE YOU MAD AT ME?
WAIT, TO WHOM SHOULD I BE TALKING?
HM? NOTHING?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, JOKER?
I'M GIVING HUMPTY HIS BIRTHDAY PRESENT: HIS VERY OWN GAME OF OPERATION!
SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE HIM TRY WHAT... PLASTIC SURGERY?
HEH, GO AHEAD.
WHY, HARVEY--
--WHOEVER SAID THE SCARS WERE THE PROBLEM?
IT'S JUST TIME WE FINISH THE JOB.

I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS.
THAT'S THE *POINT*, HARVEY. AFTER THIS, THAT'S *ALL* YOU'LL HAVE.
OH, HUMPTY, YOU LOOK LIKE A LITTLE GIRL WHO JUST GOT A *PONY*... AND THEN DECIDED TO TURN THAT PONY TO GLUE.
BUT HOLD YOUR DEAD HORSES, YOU HAVE TO FINISH UNWRAPPING YOUR *OTHER PRESENTS* FIRST!
EVERY JOB NEEDS THE RIGHT TOOL.
LUCKILY, I KEEP A *STOCKPILE*.
LET'S START OFF SIMPLE.
OH, DON'T YOU WORRY, MR. TWO-FACE! I'LL HAVE YOU ALL BETTER IN A MINUTE.
HUMPTY, LISTEN TO ME, THE JOKER IS *LYING* TO YOU! HE'S *MANIPULATING* YOU.

THIS WON'T HELP ME. IT TAKES MORE THAN MUTILATION, HUMPTY.
HUMPTY, ARE YOU *LISTENING?*
JUST GONNA BE A MINUTE.
Hehehehe

HRRRRRR...
AHAHAHEHHHA!

HMMM... TOO DULL. MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY SOMETHING ELSE.
IS IT TOO SOON TO USE THE FIRE, MR. JOKER?
JUST BURN HIM A LITTLE, HUMPTY. WE DON'T WANT YOU ENDING THE FUN SO SOON.

NOW, *HA,* NOW TO TURN DOWN THE FLAME SO YOU CAN GET SOME *REAL* PRECISION.
HAHR, THAT'S IT.
FSS SHH HH

ISN'T THIS *WONDERFUL,* HUMPTY? YOUR WISH IS COMING TRUE.

NO... IT'S NOT...
THIS WON'T CHANGE ANYTHING FOR *EITHER* OF US!

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, HUMPTY? YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T FIX ME. YOU CAN'T FIX ANYTHING--YOU NEVER COULD.
THAT--THAT'S NOT TRUE. THAT'S WHO I AM.
HUMPTY, YOU DON'T THINK--YOU'RE NOBODY. JUST LOOK AT YOUR CATS. YOU KILLED THEM. HOW MANY DID YOU KILL BEFORE THAT?
THEY WERE LONELY.
YOU MURDERED THEM, HUMPTY--
--JUST LIKE YOUR GRANDMOTHER. SHE'S DEAD BECAUSE OF YOU, YOU KNOW. NO ANGELS, NO CLOUDS, JUST WORMS EATING AWAY AT YOUR WORK.
BUT ADMIT IT, HUMPTY, IT FELT GOOD TO HEAR HER SCREAM. AFTER YEARS OF HEARING HER CALL YOU NAMES, IT FELT GOOD TO HAVE HER PLEAD.
PLEASE STOP!
YOU FORGET, HUMPTY. I WAS THE D.A. DURING YOUR TRIAL. I KNOW HOW GRANDMA TREATED YOU...AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME, YOU WERE JUSTIFIED.
THE HAG HAD IT COMING.
DON'T SAY THAT.
BUT YOU COULDN'T FIX HER. NO, NOT WHEN YOU'RE SO... WORTHLESS. GRANDMA WAS RIGHT--
--YOU'RE BROKEN.
YOU LIE!

NICE TRY, HARVEY, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO *BETTER* THAN THAT.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO A TOOL WHEN IT STOP'S WORKING? IT GETS THROWN AWAY! *NO ONE* WANTS IT!
BUT HERE'S THE GOOD NEWS, WHAT YOUR GRANDMOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU... I KNOW WHAT YOU REALLY WISH FOR...
...HUMPTY, I KNOW HOW TO FIX YOU.
CLINK
HOW?
NOT THE WAY THE DOCTORS AT ARKHAM TRIED. NO, YOU *KNOW* THAT WON'T WORK.
USE THE TOOLS JOKER GAVE YOU--ON *YOURSELF*. IT'LL HURT, BUT THAT'S HOW THE REFINING FURNACE WORKS.
LET ME GO AND I'LL EVEN HELP YOU TURN INTO GOLD.
DO YOU THINK THAT WILL REALLY WORK, MR. JOKER?
HA! OF COURSE! *HAHA*, THAT'LL WORK JUST FINE. IN FACT, *I'LL* GUIDE YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.
AND AS FOR *YOU*, HARVEY? WELL, I COULDN'T BE PROUDER.

GOOD SHOW, HARVEY. YOU DID EXACTLY AS EXPEC--
WHAM!!!
MMMMMM, THE TASTE OF MY OWN BLOOD.
THEY SAY YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT. AND I GUESS THAT MAKES ME...
ME!
YOU ALMOST KILLED ME, JOKER. LET'S SEE WHAT THAT MEANS FOR YOU.
SO NOW YOU DECIDE TO FLIP YOUR COIN? YOU DIDN'T WHEN IT CAME TO HUMPTY.
AFTER ALL, I MADE SURE YOU COULDN'T. INTERESTING WHAT HAPPENED.

BECAUSE WHEN YOU WERE BACKED INTO THE CORNER, WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT?
WELL, HARVEY, WE BOTH KNOW *WHO* MADE THE DECISION TO TELL THAT BOY TO DESTROY HIMSELF.

BATS THINKS YOU'RE SO COMPLEX, BUT THE TRUTH IS SIMPLE: *HARVEY DENT* HAS ALWAYS BEEN IN CONTROL.
THEN WHAT'S TO KEEP ME FROM KILLING YOU?
BESIDES MY WIT?

SIX BULLETS AND A SENSE OF RECKLESSNESS.
NOW GET OUT AND LEAVE ME TO MY FUN. OR DO YOU WANT TO HELP ME WITH THE PRESENT *YOU* GAVE HUMPTY?
YOU CAN LICK THE ICING...
YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT ME.
NO, I'M NOT--

--WE BOTH KNOW THAT THERE WILL BE A DAY WHEN YOU'LL FINISH THE JOB YOURSELF.
AND ON THAT DAY, YOU'LL BE WITH ME IN *PARADISE*.

IS TWO-FACE LEAVING?
YES, BUT AFTER WE'RE DONE, HE'LL WANT TO VISIT YOU ALL THE TIME. THE WHOLE WORLD WILL.
ARE WE GONNA USE THE ACID?
NO, HUMPTY. THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS. AND IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED ON HARVEY EITHER.
IT TAKES LOTS OF TIME... AND LOTS OF WICKED PRACTICE. ALONE, A SIMPLE SCAR WON'T DO THE TRICK--IT TAKES THOUSANDS OF LITTLE CUTS.
THAT'S WHY I'M PUSHING HARVEY--UNTIL HE DECIDES TO MAKE THE FINAL LEAP FOR HIMSELF.
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO YOU--I CAN ALREADY DO WHAT THE WORLD OF MEN AND BEASTS NEVER TRIED. I CAN TEACH YOU. I CAN GIVE YOU PURPOSE IN NO PURPOSE AT ALL.
I CAN SHARE THE JOKE.
YOU'D DO THAT?
YES, HUMPTY. I'M HERE TO FIX THE WORLD.
NOW TELL ME...DO YOU LIKE TO SMILE?
WITHIN THE WALLS OF DIS
BRAD DESNOYER WRITER LEE FERGUSON PENCILS
MARC DEERING INKS JOSE VILLARRUBIA COLORS DAVE SHARPE LETTERS
THE END.

WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

Haha. I can't tell you how hard it is to resist opening these columns with a terrible pun every month. I just couldn't resist this week as we here at the DC offices are bustling around trying to close out what has been a truly epic 2010. As you may have heard, we are starting 2011 with a bang by putting special covers on all of our titles that highlight the iconic nature of each character. The DCU is the home of some of the most recognizable figures in the entire world, and we are proud to have them on display this January. It's a sign of great things to come next year, and for that I wanted to make certain you loyal members of the DC Nation had a chance to see every single one of them. Over the next two weeks I'll be showing groups of these covers so you can be sure not to miss any. You'll want to take special notice of the first issues of WEIRD WORLDS and BATMAN BEYOND, as well as the STEEL special that kicks off the ultraviolent "Reign of Doomsday" event.

Check back next week for more covers and fewer puns.

Be seeing you,

— **Ian Sattler**, Senior Story Editor DCU

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